

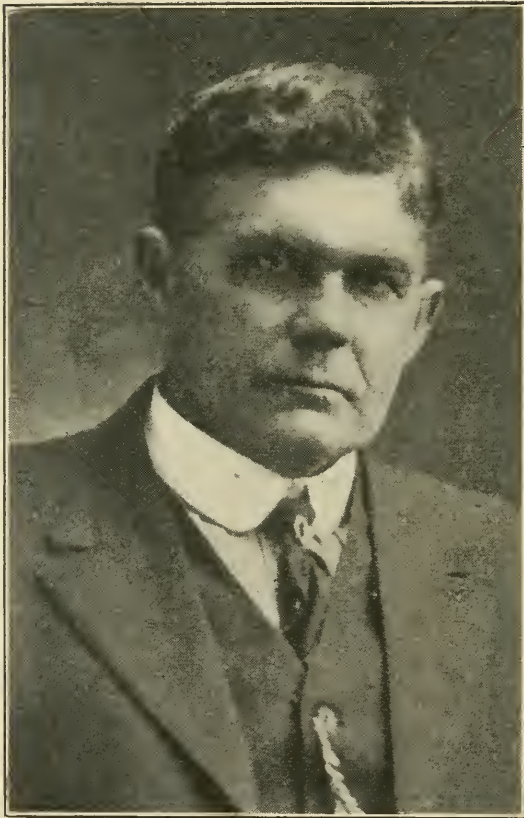
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POEMS

“*Poems of Nature*”

*Poems and songs, I love to write,
They come to me both day and night;
And if everyone would love to write the
same as I,
They would want to keep on living and
never, never die.*

F. E. HEAD, Author.



F. E. HEAD, Author



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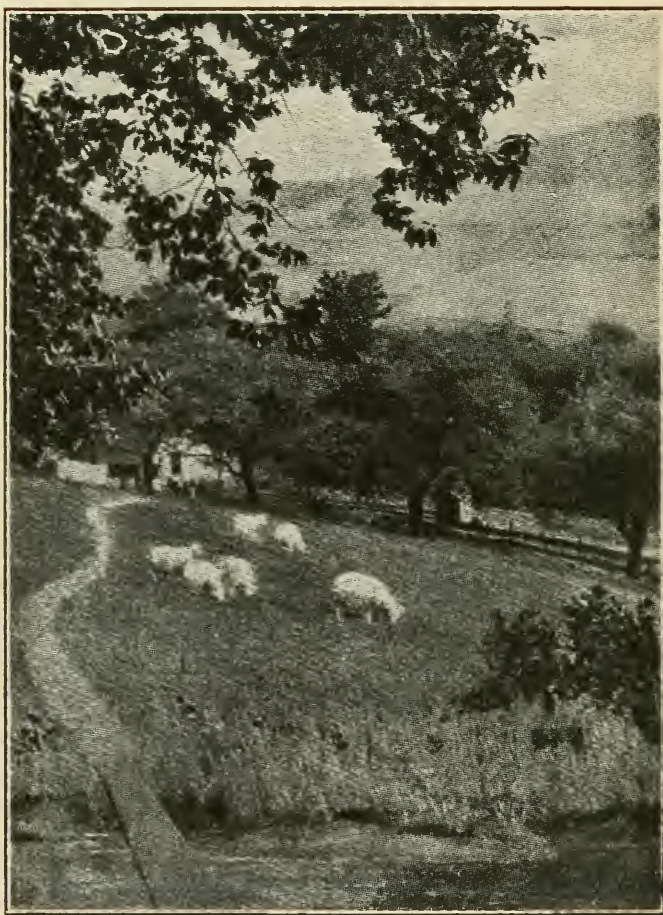
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1921

The Old Home

Over the hills and far away,
To the dear old home of my boyhood day:
Many hours I have played in the meadows green,
Gathering flowers, and fishing in the stream.
You could hear the sound of the water mills,
That run all day until the sun set below the western hills.
You could hear the song of birds from morning until night,
Until the day was gone and there was no light.

At the farm house you could hear the dogs bark,
And the whipporwill a singing after dark.
Now those large forests are all cut away,
And there is no place for the wild deer to stay.
My dear old mother and father have gone to rest,
Oh, they were the ones that I loved best.

My sisters and brothers are gone from that cabin door,
And it is very seldom that I see them any more.
Those were the happiest days of all
At the dear old home where the trees were so tall.
There are many things that I could tell
Of that dear old home that I loved so well.



Springtime

Spring, Spring, the beautiful Spring,
When it comes we hear the birds sing:
Everyone seems so cheerful and gay,
For the long Winter months have faded away.
It is so nice to see the grass so green,
And the people fishing along the little stream.

The wild flowers are all in blow,
How much nicer they look than the white snow.
The children gather them as through the fields they run,
For the Spring is here and the nice warm sun.
The little bee lights on a flower and then flies away,
It is gathering honey for a rainy day.

The butterfly, with its golden wings,
On the trees and bushes light,
First on one and then another and soon is out of sight.
The warm sunny days glide along so fast,
It does not seem long and the Summer is past.

Greed for Gold

While on earth he toiled and hoarded
Every cent that he could make ;
Had no time for earthly pleasures
Or a day's vacation take.
Had no eyes for Nature's beauty
And the things that God had wrought,
Only thought with greed and yearning
Of the things that money bought.

Money, money, yellow gold,
He had wealth a thousand fold ;
He had bonds, and farms, and houses,
Wrung from others to be sold.
But to this man with all his riches
Came a day with blackest night,
When he found, despite his gainings
That his eyes had lost their sight.

Did he turn then to God who gave him
This great gift he had enjoyed ;
Did he after this affliction
Seek out those he had employed.
Did he right his wrongs to others
While his life to him was spared ?
He had wealth enough and plenty
That he could with others shared.

Then to him as to all others
Came the summons from on high
The grim Reaper called upon him
To lay down his wealth and die.
To the land where he was going
All his gold would count for naught,
Well for him had he but heeded
The blest things his bible taught.

Nature

Open your eyes and see the beauty
Of the skies, the grass, the trees,
Listen to the birds' sweet music
And the murmur of the breeze.
List to the brook's wild cadence
As it seeks the water fall,
Awake to Nature's beauty
That surrounds us one and all.

Leave dull care and daily worries
Let them fare as how they will,
While you take a little ramble
O'er the grassy, rolling hill.
Let your eyes search out the beauties
Spread by Nature all around,
From the blue arched sky above you
To the flower studded ground.

Every sound is one of sweetness
To a Nature loving heart,
Every insect, stone, and grass blade
Of the Universe a part.
Watch the little bird that soars,
High into the heaven's blue,
How he sings while upwards fitting
On his tiny wings so true.

Hear the bumble bee's dull humming
As it lumbers o'er the flowers,
See the oriole a swinging,
In its tree before a shower.
Listen to the wind's low murmur
As it sighs among the trees,
Listen to the gentle rustle
As it stirs a million leaves.

Hark to the voice of Nature
In sunshine and in storm,
Wish not for sunny weather
When the rain comes softly down.
For though you love the sunshine,
We also need the rain,
And as Summer follows Springtime,
So the sun will shine again.

His Last Message

O, just a moment, dear brother
Will you take a message from me?
Take it to my dear mother
Far across the deep Blue Sea ;
Tell her "that I fought bravely
As long as I could stand,
But when a bullet pierced my side
I knew then I was going,
To that happy land."

Tell my mother, when you see her,
Oh, tell her "not to weep,"
For my troubles will soon be over
And I will go to that everlasting sleep.
When last we parted, she kissed me goodbye
And said "my boy, this will be the last time
We will be together, you and I.

Tell her "to keep this message
And not throw it away,"
It is the last one she will get from me
For I have gone to stay.
So, fare you well dear mother,
I will never be again by your side,
For I will be laid away across the sea so wide.
And now, my dear brother, to you I'll say goodbye,
Hoping you will not follow the same as I.

My Father's Boyhood Days

Back to my old home where I first saw the light.
Through the summer you could hear the song of birds
And the whippoorwill at night.
Far off in the woods you could hear the cow bell,
And back of the house was the old stone well.
At night you could hear the screech owls hoot,
And many wild deers we would shoot.

The rattler and blue racers crawling on the ground,
You would see them in the woods and see them all around.
Day after day through the woods I would roam,
A-hunting and a-fishing far away from our home.
Wild ducks and geese would fly over in big flocks,
There was plenty of game—partridges and woodcocks.
Many of wolves and bears you would see,
And panthers alaying up in a crotch of a tree.

Along the streams the kingfishers built their nests in the sand,
And you could see the beavers building their dam.
All kinds of wild berries on bushes and tree,
And pretty wild flowers were as thick as could be.
For miles we would go along the Indian trail,
To trade our furs and get our mail.
Those days were happy ones and pleasant to me,
For I was raised in the forest, you see.



My Mother

In her armchair slowly fading
As the days so swiftly fly,
Sits my own dear old mother
With the reaper hovering nigh.
I can see that she is failing
As she sits so patiently,
Listening for the Angel whisper
And I hear her gently sigh.

Breaking hearts you'll leave behind you
That will grieve forever more,
But your trials will all be over
When you reach that glistening shore.
Your working days are over
All toil and worry past,
And you know there's one, dear Mother,
That will love you till the last.

There is in my heart a picture
Of your face so sweet and fair,
Not of twinkling eyes and dimples
But of silvery, snow white hair;
Wrinkled hands so calmly folded
Waiting for the end to come,
Knowing that your days are numbered
And your race is nearly run.

The Old Oak Tree

There was an old oak that stood near our house by the road
For years it stood up and faced the hard winds and held up its
load.

In sunshine, snow, rain and all kinds of storm,
It swayed and it would twist but it kept its good form.
How nice it was for travelers to stop under this tree and rest
And the birds in this tree would build their nests.
On hot Summer days people would stop there and set
To cool off their body and dry up their sweat.

My mother would sit there with me when she was quite young,
And many old songs that she sung.
Those songs now are all out of date,
For I never have heard any of them of late.
The blackbird and bluejay when they went south,
Would light and rest in this tree on their way.

It was a great place for cattle to stay
And in under the shade of the tree they would lay.
The lovers as they would take a walk,
Would stop under this tree and talk.
They are the ones that would miss it the most of all,
For many girls have been kissed beneath this tree so tall.

One day there came a big wind and blowed the tree down.
The noble old tree laid its length on the ground.
No more will we lay in your shade to keep off the heat,
No more will we sit on the grass at your feet.
Your limbs they are broken and your body is split,
And no more in your shade will we sit.
The people will long for your shade in vain,
Your branches will never shelter us again.
Now the old tree is gone, and it soon will decay,
But we will not forget it for many a day.

Farewell to the Farm

My working days are through and over
So I will quit the fields of clover ;
And no more I will have to hire,
For I will leave the old farm and retire.
No more I will plough the fields and sow the seeds,
Or cultivate the ground to kill the weeds.
No more will I work in the hayfield
For that is not so soft,
A-drawing the hay and putting it up in the loft.
No more will I milk the cows,
In the morning or at night.
Or run all over the country after them,
When they are out of sight.

I am a-quitting to move far away,
And let some one else work the clay.
The auto is a-waiting at the door,
We will leave the old farm and bid it farewell.
The place where for so many years we did dwell
We are leaving the meadow and the long lane,
And the little house that sheltered us,
From the snow and the rain.
The old-fashioned roses are all in blow,
But we have sold the old home and we must go.
And all our friends so good and kind,
We are going away, leaving them behind.
So I bid you goodbye old house and barn,
And all of my friends and the dear old farm.

Reveries

As we sit by the fire-place
On the old-time worn settee,
And hear the branches creaking
In the storm's wild melody,
How our thoughts revert to childhood
And the happy days gone by
As we watch the roasting apples
And the sparks that upward fly.

Outside the snow is falling
And the swaying, bending trees,
Wear the snow-white cloak of Winter
In the place of Spring's green leaves.
Yet we heed not the coldness
Of the Winter's chilling blast
As we conjure up a vision
Of the Summer days now past.

In our dreams we see a picture
Of a deep, dark, wooded dell;
And we hear the far off tinkle
Of the petted leader's bell.
To our ears there comes the murmur
Of a slowly winding brook
Then our fancy plans a picnic
In a favored, quiet nook.

Thus our truant thoughts will wander
From the present to the past,
Sighing for the joys of Summer
While old Winter's speeding fast.
Then the redly glowing embers
And the whispering of the pines,
Lure us from our musings
From the past to present times.

A Glimpse of the Forest

There are beautiful flowers in the wild wood,
That grow along with the grass so green ;
You hear the birds a-singing
In the trees along the stream.
Wild berries in abundance they do grow,
Along the little brook
Where the foaming waters flow.

The blue birds and the thrush
They will fly from brush to brush,
You can hear their songs all day
Until the sun light has faded all away.
We will see the hawk : he's a bird that all despise.
He is always watching with his sharp eyes.
In times you will see him setting
On the branch of some dead tree,
He will sit there for hours through the day,
Awaiting and a-watching for his prey.

The woodpecker, he is always around
And very easy is he to be found.
He is a busy bird and his pecking can be heard
As he pecks a hole in a tree,
Until he is out of sight, you see.
The mourning dove on some high limb will sit
We can hear him coo and we are bound to see him too.

Then, when the woods are dark the screech owl will appear,
And when you hear him hoot you will be in fear.
The whip-poor-will is a noisy bird
It is after dark when he is heard.
He will sing all night with great delight.
O, how cruel it is to kill the birds,
I love to hear their merry songs,
As well as pleasant words.



Night-time

Softly the day is dying,
And darkness gathers 'round,
Covering earth with its mantle
Coming without a sound.

In the blue arched dome above us,
One by one the stars peep out;
Birds in the trees are sleeping,
There is silence all about.

Far over the distant river,
Appears a silvery space,
A gleaming pathway of radiance
As the moon man shows his face.

Slowly the night advances,
Then fades into the dawn;
We wake with a feeling of gladness,
To find that the night has gone.

Day follows close on its footsteps,
And as we take up our toil once more,
Let us face it with honest endeavor
Greater than ever before.

The Journey of Life

As you wander along through the journey of life,
With all of your troubles, both gladness and strife,
It's sunshine and storms, snow, hail and it's rain,
It is pleasure and sadness and all kinds of pain.
We find pleasure and happiness that comes with the years.
And all kinds of trouble and sadness and tears.

For this world is wide and full of trouble,
And you must be very careful or you will make it double.
You must be careful of what you say,
Or you will be in trouble every day;
But we will always try to be happy and go through the
 world
With a smile: We will live for the ones that love us,
For the ones we find worth while.

We will live for the ones that are kind and true,
For those that have proved themselves true blue;
And as we go through the valley of life,
The good we will defend.
Finding the most of our trouble is caused by ourselves,
From the beginning to the end.

“The Flowers”

The flowers we find in our pathway,
Have a duty, every one—
As they open their bright hued petals,
Each morning to the sun.

They teach us a wonderful story,
They fill our hearts with love;
They help us to be ever grateful,
To our Heavenly Fathèr above.

If we but look around us,
On the beauty that is ours,
Our lives will be far brighter,
Than the rainbow that follows showers.

The birds, and bees, and blossoms,
The mountains, rivers, and plains,
Are all the work of the Master,
As the towns are the children of brains.

You may run your cars and factories
And do a great many things;
But you can't add an inch to your stature,
Or stop the gentle rains.

Without the help of our Maker,
The great Omnipotent One,
We are helpless as new born infants,
Like mists before the sun.

Let us all seek for wisdom
And do our very best,
To make this good world better,
Before we are called to rest.

In the Jungle

How would you like to live in a country,
Where you'd hear the lions roar?
In the diamond mines, with the Natives and the Boers,
In the jungle with the elephant so large and strong,
And the birds with their plumage so pretty and so long.

When the sun is shining it is so terrible hot
You will see the poisonous insects and the little Hotentot.
Large serpents a hanging from the trees,
And wild monkeys chattering with the little chimpanzees.

In the waters crocodiles, five and ten abreast, some in single
file.

You will see them by the thousand in the stream we call the
Nile.

The Natives with their dark faces, with spears and arrows in
their hands

Make war with each other in this wild African land.

And when you hear a gorrilla roar

The chills will go through you by the score.

You will think the sky is a going to fall.

The trees will all tremble both the large and the small.

Were you ever in the jungle and hear a lion roar?

The first time that you heard them you would think,

All your veins had bursted or your heart had ripped or tore.

You can travel o'er the world, in all foreign lands,

But when your in the jungle you have something on your
hands.

Childhood's Treasure

You ask me to tell you a story,
At this glorious time of the year ;
To tell you in a few simple phrases,
What is to the children most dear.

To the romping, loving school boy,
And our girls so sweet always,
To the very little children
Just learning how to play.

Is it books, balls, sled, skates, or mecano,
That to the boy gives keenest joy ;
What is it that holds the interest
Of our manly earnest boy ?

Is it laces, ribbons, and bon-bons ;
Dolls, dainties, or chintzes gay,
That fills the heart of our maidens
From morn till close of day ?

What is it that pleases baby
From dawn till setting sun,
That beguiles the darling cherub,
And turns every thing into fun ?

Now listen and I will tell you
If you will come with me,
And take a peep at the circle
Gathered at Mother's knee.

The faces of happy childhood
Speak a language you can't forget
As they turn their eyes towards Mother,
Who has never failed them yet.

Mother, their best and dearest,
First in the hearts of all ;
Is acclaimed the choicest treasure
That childhood can recall.

Why Should We Hurry the Time Away

When I was fifteen I wished I was twenty-one.
And, oh, how fast the years they do run.
In the Winter you are wishing for the summer to come.
And when it is here you are not just satisfied,
And that is the way the years they do glide.
We are always hurrying the time away,
Wanting the time to go fast for some particular day.
Tuesday or Wednesday you wish the week was past
So that you would get your little money on the last.
Oh, why should we worry, and why should we hurry the time
away.
For as long as we have got to live it is a short time to stay.
We go along and hurry away the day.
It is not long and our hair is sprinkled with gray.
And when you get old you are wishing to be back
To the days when you were young and gay.
So why should we worry the time away?

Autumn

The frost-kissed leaves are falling
 In clouds of red and gold,
The sun is brightly shining
 The air is clear and cold.

The deep and silent river
 Beneath a bright blue sky
Takes on the hue of Heaven
 Right pleasing to the eye.

The orchards and the vineyards
 Give forth a fruity smell,
And the odor of the pine trees
 Seems to cast on me a spell.

I hear the small boys shouting
 As they whip the chestnut trees,
And it sounds to me like music
 As it floats upon the breeze.

The furry little creatures
 Are hurrying here and there
Hording up their stores for Winter
 While they yet can seize a share.

The birds are chatting gaily
 As they plan to southward fly
To the flower laden gardens
 Till old Winter passes by.

The ragged white clouds floating
 Across the distant sky
Adds beauty to the picture
 Spread out before the eye.

If we sum all these together
 Or take them one by one,
What season is more pleasant
 Than the frosty bright Autumn?

My Cottage House

There is a little old cottage that sets by the sea.
Many days and nights it has sheltered my dear wife and me.
The winds they would blow and the waves would roll so high,
They would come to the door of the cottage
That sheltered my wife and I.
I loved the sea and loved to hear it roar,
And the ivy so green over our little cottage door.
Oh, how many happy hours we have spent,
In the little cottage where I had to pay no rent.
For weeks we would walk along the sea shore
But we will never take that walk any more,
For my dear one is laid in her grave to rest.
Oh, she was the one that I loved best.
She has gone on her long and lonely way
But I think of her in my travels every day.
No more we will sit in that cottage and talk,
No more along the sea shore we will walk.
So I will have to travel alone,
For my dearest has left my little cottage home.

A Wayward Son

There are sad hearts grieving at the dear old home
And the ones you left there are waiting till you come.
Mother dear is waiting, so is poor old Dad,
How those hearts are aching for their wayward lad.
Can you not remember how you promised them
You would make a fortune and return again?
When the birds are singing and the sun is shining bright,
You will think of home and Mother and then perhaps you'll
write.

And when you are sleeping they to you in dreams will come
Often to remind you of another one.

One who long has rested neath the trysting tree
Who's young life was blighted, who's soul longed to be free.
No you have not forgotten the promise made to her
When you searched together for the opening chestnut burr.
Days and months and years she waited, thinking always you'd
return
'Till her weary heart was broken and her soul for heaven
yearned.

Where the ivy's creeping o'er the garden wall
You will find her lying neath the tree so tall.
Then lay aside your pleasures and hasten to them there,
For their hearts are breaking with a load of care.

While you've been wandering in those lands afar,
They have still been waiting with the gate ajar.
Bring them this Thanksgiving a most gladsome joy
Let them give a welcome to their returned boy.
Then Mother Nature's bounty will fairer to them seem,
When the dark clouds are lifted and they catch the silver
gleam.

To them, the old home's dearer than any other place,
And there's not a sight more welcome than your honest, smil-
ing face;
And when their lives are garnered to that beautiful home above
You with thoughts most tender will remember those you love.

Merry Christmas

Once a year comes Christmas,
That glorious day of all the year,
The day of fun and frolic,
Of right, good-will, and cheer.
The day for loving and giving,
To those both great and small,
From the highest, most righteous living
To the poorest, humblest of all.

There are some without home and kindred;
Tired, forlorn, and alone,
Would be glad of a friendly hand-clasp
And a welcome at some hearth stone.
It might be the breath of the fir tree
Or the voices of childhood gay
That would give them the needed courage
To travel life's hard pathway.

Let us be friendly and thoughtful,
Courteous, kind, and true;
Always remembering the stranger,
'Tis the least that we can do.
Ever looking around us,
To see if such there be
With whom we can share our gladness
And our glorious Christmas tree.

A Troublesome Neighbor

How many people through life you have seen
They are always borrowing, you think them a fiend.
If you have anything better they will ask to borrow,
And tell you they will bring it back tomorrow;
But they will forget and then come for more,
There are a hundred different things that brings them to your
door.

They will borrow this and they will borrow that,
They will ask for your clothes and even your new hat.
When it rains, your umbrella they have got,
And they will have the best one in the lot.

They want the washboard, they have some clothes to rub;
The flat irons, your boiler, the wash line, and tub.
She was at the store but was just too late,
So she has to have bread for her husband' to take.
And if she's refused she will think that she's abused.
So they will come to you for their supply,
And when you want yourself you will have to buy.

It is alright to borrow but not every day,
And always be prompt and ready to pay.
And let me add this word of advice,
Do not borrow so much for it is not nice.
Whenever you want sugar, coffee, pepper, or tea.
Go to the store and buy: Then you will see
How much more sociable your neighbors will be.

The Old Church Bell

Beautiful in the sunset's glory
Shines out the church spire tall,
And the deep-toned bell within it
Sends out its cheery call.

As the last ray of sunlight
Touches the far hill's crest
It gleams athwart the belfry
And the old bell now at rest.

That old bell so well remembered
Many varied tales has told
Of new years young and rosy
Of old years, drear and cold.

It tells of merry makings
Of funerals and weddings, too,
It tells anew each Easter
Of the Savior who died for you.

Some times, its tones they are solemn,
Again they are gay and loud ;
But whenever the old bell starts ringing
There is sure to be a crowd.

It speaks aloud, "In Memoriam"
Of the men in blue and gray,
And of our brave boys in khaki
War felled so far away.

It rings for "Independence"
As the Liberty Bell of old
It flings out joyful music
To freemen strong and bold.

The Old Church Bell (CONTINUED)

We bow our heads on Thanksgiving
To its old familiar call
Our grateful hearts overflowing
With love for the giver of all.

From the early days of the Pilgrims
To the present goodly times,
We wait for the voice of the old bell
To peal forth in Thanksgiving chimes.

And when on Christmas morning
All the bells so gladly ring;
We see in our minds a picture
Of a manger and new-born king.

The choir sings a beautiful anthem,
And then the old bell swings
Its silvery, deep tones, telling
Of our Savior, Lord and King.

From our hearts on the eve of the New Year
Comes a long and deep-drawn sigh,
For we know when the bell starts ringing
The Old Year will surely die.

A year full of hope and rejoicings
Heartaches and sorrows, too,
Yet we know it fulfilled its promise
Brought when the year was new.

Years the old bell has hung there,
In sunshine and in storm
Always willing and ready
Each service to perform.

Should ever it hang there silent
With hushed and voiceless tongue,
'Twould be missed alike by the old folks,
And the happy, careless young.

Circus Days

I am a jolly circus girl and work at my trade,
I have traveled more than twice around the world.
In most of the cities I have been in the parade,
I have traveled with P. T. Barnum and Ringling Brothers, too.
I have seen some pleasant days and some so very blue.
I have medals from the kings and queen,
And many foreign lands I have seen.

On American soil I have traveled the most,
Many times I have been from coast to coast.
Under the big canvas, miles I have rode around the rings,
I can tell some interesting stories and very funny things.
Many would make you laugh, some would almost make you cry,
For there are many things that happen to us as the years go by.

How proudly I listen to the music of the bands
When they parade through the cities in different lands.
Large herd of elephants, and cages standing in a row,
And thousands of people coming in to see the show.
I can see my circus days are nearly o'er,
Then no more I will hear the old lions roar.

Now my friends and acquaintances know what I have done,
I have rode around the rings and the clowns have made the fun.
My bright sparkling attire I will soon lay away,
I will be very lonesome without my fine dappled gray.
When my show days are over and I have rode my last,
I will bid my friends goodbye and think of the past.

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